

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE'S
T E M P E S T

DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

WITH NOTES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

BY

SAMUEL WELLER SINGER, F. S. A.

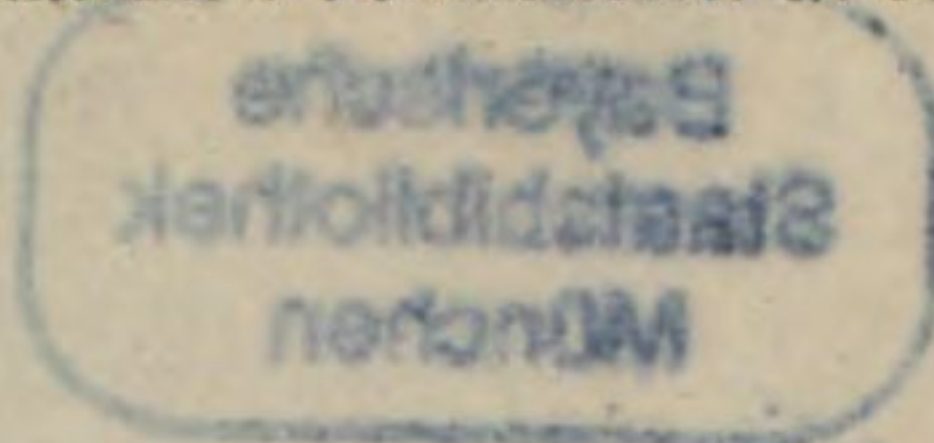


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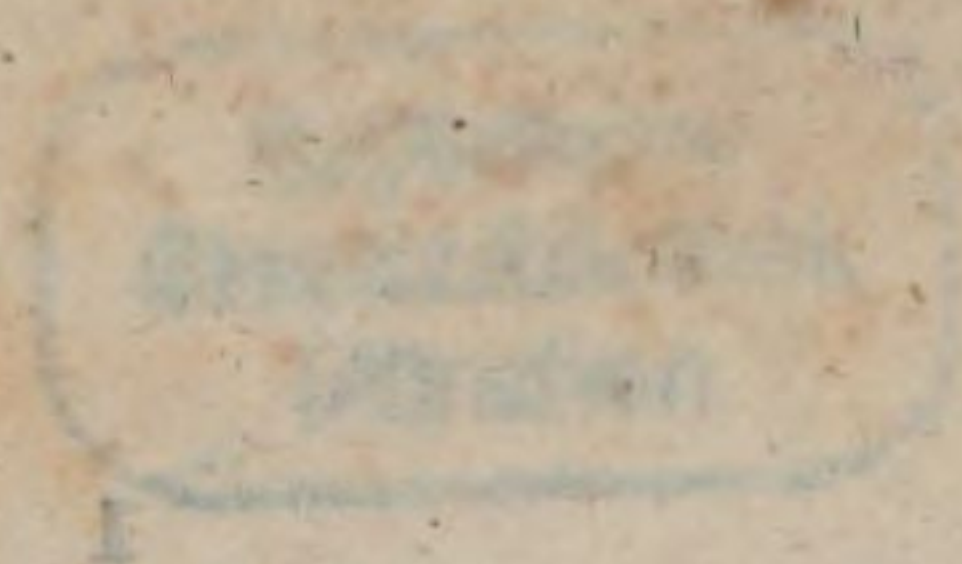
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TEMPEST.

THE



TEMPEST.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

"THE *Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (says Warburton) are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination, peculiar to Shakspeare, which soars above the bounds of nature, without forsaking sense; or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits."

No one has hitherto discovered the novel on which this play is founded; yet Collins the poet told Thomas Warton that the plot was taken from the romance of 'Aurelio and Isabella,' which was frequently printed during the sixteenth century, sometimes in three or four languages in the same volume. In the calamitous mental indisposition which visited poor Collins his memory failed him; and he most probably substituted the name of one novel for another; the fable of Aurelio and Isabella has no relation to the *Tempest*. Mr. Malone thought that no such tale or romance ever existed; yet a friend of the late Mr. James Boswell told him that he had some years ago actually perused an Italian novel which answered Collins's description; but his memory, unfortunately, did not enable him to recover it.

My friend, Mr. Douce, in his valuable 'Illustrations of Shakspeare,' published in 1807, had suggested that the outline of a considerable part of this play was borrowed from the account of Sir George Somers's voyage and shipwreck on the Bermudas in 1609; and had pointed out some passages which confirmed his suggestion. At the same time it appears that Mr. Malone was engaged in investigating the relations of this voyage: and he subsequently printed the results of his researches in a pamphlet, which he distributed among his friends; wherein he shows, that not only the title but many passages in the play were suggested to Shakspeare by the account of the tremendous *Tempest* which, in July, 1609, dispersed the fleet carrying supplies from England to the infant colony of Virginia, and wrecked the vessel in which Sir George Somers and the other principal commanders had sailed, on one of the Bermuda Islands.

Sir George Somers, Sir Thomas Gates, and Captain Newport, with nine ships and five hundred people, sailed from England in May, 1609, on board the *Sea Venture*, which was called the *Admiral's Ship*; and on the 25th of July she was parted from the rest by a terrible *tempest*, which lasted forty-eight hours and scattered the whole fleet, wherein some of them lost their masts and others were much distressed. Seven of the vessels, however, reached Virginia; and, after landing about three hundred and fifty persons, again set sail for England. Two of them were wrecked, in their way home, on the point of Ushant; the others returned safely to England, ship after ship, in 1610, bringing the

news of the supposed loss of the Admiral's ship and her crew. During a great part of the year 1610 the fate of Somers and Gates was not known in England; but the latter, having been sent home by Lord Delaware, arrived in August or September. The Council of Virginia published a narrative of the disasters which had befallen the fleet, and of their miraculous escape. Previously however to its appearance, one Jourdan, who probably returned from Virginia in the same ship with Sir Thomas Gates, published a pamphlet entitled "A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called *The Isle of Divels*; by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, with divers others:" in which he relates the circumstances of the storm. "They were bound for Virginia, and at that time in 30° N. latitude. The whole crew, amounting to one hundred and fifty persons, weary with pumping, had given all for lost, and began to drink their strong waters, *and to take leave of each other*, intending to commit themselves to the mercy of the sea. Sir George Somers, who had sat three days and nights on the poop, with no food and little rest, at length descried land, and encouraged them (*many from weariness having fallen asleep*) to continue at the pumps. They complied, and fortunately the ship was driven and jammed between two rocks, fast lodged and locked for further budging." One hundred and fifty persons got on shore; and by means of their boat and skiff (for this was half a mile from land) they saved such part of their goods and provisions as the water had not spoiled, all the tackling and much of the iron of their ship, which was of great service to them in fitting out another vessel to carry them to Virginia.

"But our delivery," says Jourdan, "was not more strange in falling so opportunely and happily upon the land, as [than] our feeding and provision was, beyond our hopes, and all men's expectations, most admirable; for the Islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were NEVER INHABITED by any Christian or Heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and INCHANTED PLACE, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shunne the Divell himself: and no man was ever heard to make for this place; but as, against their wils, they have, by stormes and dangerousnesse of the rocks lying seven leagues into the sea, suffered shipwracke. Yet did we finde there THE AYRE SO TEMPERATE and THE COUNTRY SO ABOUNDANTLY FRUITFULL of all fit necessities for the sustentation and preservation of man's life, that, most in a manner of all our provision of bread, beere, and victuall being quite spoiled in lying long drowned in salt water, notwithstanding we were there for the space of nine months, we were not only well refreshed, comforted, and with good satiety contented, but out of the abundance thereof provided us some reasonable quantity and proportion of provision to carry us for Virginia, and to maintain ourselves and that company we found there:—wherefore my opinion sincerely of this island is, that whereas it hath beene, and is still, accounted the most dangerous, unfortunate, and forlorne place of the world, it is in truth the richest, healthfullest, and [most] pleasing land (the quantity and bignesse thereof considered), and merely naturall, as ever man set foote upon."

The publication set forth by the Council of Virginia, entitled, "A true Declaration of the Estate of the Colony of Virginia, &c. 1610," relates the same facts and events in better language, and Shakspeare probably derived his first thought of working these adventures up into a dramatic form from an allusion to the drama in this piece.

"These islands of the Bermudas," says this narrative, "have ever been accounted as an INCHAUNTED pile of rocks, and a DESERT INHABITATION FOR DIVELLS; but all the FAIRIES of the rocks were but flocks of birdes, and all the divels that haunted the woods were but heards of swine." — What is there in all this TRAGICALL COMÆDIE that should discourage us?

The covert allusions to several circumstances in the various narrations of this Voyage have been illustrated with great ingenuity by Mr. Malone; and many of them will no doubt have already struck the reader, but we must content ourselves with a reference to his more detailed account.

The plot of this play is very simple, independent of the magic; and Mr. Malone has pointed out two sources from whence he thinks Shakspeare derived suggestions for it. The one is a play by Robert Green, entitled "The Comical History of Alphonsus King of Arragon;" the other is the Sixth Metrical Tale of George Turberville¹ formed on the fourth novel of the fourth day of the Decamerone of Boccaccio, to which he is probably indebted for the hint of the marriage of Claribel. The magic of the piece is unquestionably the creation of the great bard himself, suggested no doubt by the popular notions respecting the Bermudas. Mr. Malone confesses that the hints furnished by Green are so slight as not to detract from the merit of Shakspeare, and I have therefore not thought it necessary to follow him in his analysis. The late Dr. Vincent, the highly respected Dean of Westminster, pointed out a passage in Magellan's Voyage to the South Pole, which is to be found in "Eden's History of Travaile," printed in 1577, that may have furnished the first idea of Caliban, and as it is curious in itself, I shall venture to transcribe it. "Departing from hence," says Eden, "they sayled to the 49 degre and a halfe under the pole antarlake; where being wyntered, they were inforced to remayne there for the space of two monethes, all which tyme they saw no man; except that one day by chance they espyed a man of the stature of a gyant, who came to the haven *dauncing and singing*, and shortly after seemed to cast dust over his head. The captayne sent one of his men to the shore with the shippe boate, who made the lyke signe of peace. The which thyng the giant seeing, was out of feare, and came with the captayne's servant, to his presence, into a little islande. When he sawe the captayne with certayne of his company about him, he was greatly amazed, and made signes, *holding up his hande to heaven*, signifying thereby that our men came from thence. This giant was so byg that the head of one of our men of a meane stature came but to his waste. He was of good corporation and well made in all partes of his bodie, with a large visage painted with divers colours, but for the most parte yellow. Uppon his cheekes were paynted two hartes, and red circles about his eyes. The heare of his head was coloured whyte, and his appa-rell was the skynne of a beast sowed together. This beast (as seemed unto us) had a large head, and great eares lyke unto a mule, with the body of a cammell and tayle of a horse. The feet of the gyant were folded in the sayde skynne, after the manner of shooes. He had in his hande a bygge and shorte bowe; the sleying whereof was made of a sinewe of that beaste. He had also a bundle of long arrowes made of reedes, feathered after the manner of ours, typte with sharpe stones, in the stead of iron heades. The captayne caused him to eate and drinke, and gave

¹ Tragical Tales, translated by Turberville in time of his troubles, out of sundrie Italians, etc. 8vo. 1587.

him many thinges and among other a great looking glasse, in the which as soon as he sawe his owne likeness, was sodaynly afrayde, and started backe with suche violence, that he overthrewe two that stood nearest about him. When the captayne had thus gyven him certayne haukes belles, with also a looking glasse, a combe, and a payre of beades of glasse, he sent him to lande with foure of his owne men well armed. Shortly after, they sawe another gyant of somewhat greater stature with his bowe and arrowes in his hande. As he drew nearer unto our men hee laide his hande on his head, and pointed up towards heaven, and our men did the lyke. The captayne sent his shippe boate to bring him to a little islande, beyng in the haven. This giant was very tractable and pleasaunt. He *soong and daunsed*, and in his daunsing left the print of his feet on the ground. After other xv dayes were past, there came foure other giauntes without any weapons, but had hid their bowes and arrowes in certaine bushes. The captayne retained two of these, which were youngest and best made. He tooke them by a deceite, in this manner; that giving them knyves, sheares, looking-glasses, belles, beades of chrystall, and such other trifles, he so fylled their handes, that they could holde no more; then caused two paire of shackels of iron to be putt on their legges, making signes that he would also give them those chaynes, which they liked very well because they were made of bright and shining metall. And whereas they could not carry them bycause theyr hands were full, the other giants would have carryed them, but the captayne would not suffer them. When they felt the shackels fast about theyr legges, they began to doubt; but the captayne did put them in comfort and bade them stand stille. In fine, when they sawe how they were deceived, they roared lyke bulles, and cryed upon theyr GREAT DEVILL SETEBOS, to help them. They say that when any of them dye, there appeare x or xi devils *leaping and daunsing* about the bodie of the dead, and seeme to have theyr bodies paynted with divers colours, and that among other there is one seene bigger than the residue, who maketh great mirth with rejoycing. This great devyll they call *Setebos*, and call the lesse *Cheleule*. One of these gigantes which they tooke declared by signes that he had seen devylles with two hornes above theyr heades, with *long heare downe to theyr feete*, and that they caste forth fyre at theyr throates both *before and behind*. The captayne named these people *Patagoni*. The moste parte of them weare the skynnes of such beastes whereof I have spoken before. They lyve of raw fleshe, and a certaine sweete roote which they call *capar*."

Caliban, as was long since observed by Dr. Farmer, is merely the metathesis of Cannibal. Of the Cannibals a long account is given by Eden, *ubi supra*.

"The Tempest," says the judicious Schlegel, "has little action and progressive movement: the union of Ferdinand and Miranda is fixed at their first meeting, and Prospero merely throws apparent obstacles in their way; the shipwrecked band go leisurely about the island; the attempts of Sebastian and Antonio on the life of the King of Naples, and of Caliban and his drunken companions against Prospero, are nothing but a feint, as we foresee that they will be completely frustrated by the magical skill of the latter; nothing remains therefore but the punishment of the guilty, by dreadful sights which harrow up their consciences, the discovery, and final reconciliation. Yet this want is so admirably concealed by the most varied display of the fascinations of poetry and the exhilaration of mirth; the details of the execution are so very attractive that it requires no small degree of attention to

perceive that the denouement is, in some measure, already contained in the exposition. The history of the love of Ferdinand and Miranda, developed in a few short scenes, is enchantingly beautiful: an affecting union of chivalrous magnanimity on the one part, and, on the other, of the virgin openness of a heart which, brought up far from the world on an uninhabited island, has never learned to disguise its innocent movements. The wisdom of the princely hermit Prospero has a magical and mysterious air; the impression of the black falsehood of the two usurpers is mitigated by the honest gossiping of the old and faithful Gonzalo; Trinculo and Stephano, two good-for-nothing drunkards, find a worthy associate in Caliban; and Ariel hovers sweetly over the whole as the personified genius of the wonderful fable.

"Caliban has become a bye-word, as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of the gnome and the savage, half demon, half brute; in his behaviour we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition, and the influence of Prospero's education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, taming his rooted malignity: it is as if the use of reason and human speech should be communicated to a stupid ape. Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base in his inclinations; and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as they are occasionally portrayed by Shakspeare. He is rude, but not vulgar; he never falls into the prosaical and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is a poetical being in his way; he always speaks too in verse². He has picked up every thing dissonant and thorny in language, out of which he has composed his vocabulary, and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and pettily deformed have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts merely a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, merely serves to put in motion the poisonous vapours. The whole delineation of this monster is inconceivably consistent and profound, and notwithstanding its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

"In the zephyrlike Ariel the image of air is not to be mistaken, his name even bears an allusion to it; on the other hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth. Yet they are neither of them allegorical personifications, but beings individually determined. In general we find, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the *Tempest*, in the magical part of *Macbeth*, and wherever Shakspeare avails himself of the popular belief in the invisible presence of spirits, and the possibility of coming in contact with them, a profound view of the inward life of Nature and her mysterious springs; which, it is true, ought never to be altogether unknown to the genuine poet, as poetry is altogether incompatible with mechanical physics, but which few have possessed in an equal degree with Dante and himself³."

² Schlegel is not quite correct in asserting that Caliban "*always speaks in verse*." Mr. Steevens, it is true, endeavoured to give a *metrical form* to some of his speeches, which were evidently intended for prose, and they are therefore in the present edition so printed. Shakspeare, throughout his plays, frequently introduces short prose speeches in the midst of blank verse.

³ Lectures on Dramatic Literature by Aug. Will. Schlegel, translated by John Black, 1815, Vol. ii. p. 178.

It seems probable that this play was written in 1611: at all events between the years 1609 and 1614. It appears from the MSS. of Vertue that the Tempest was acted, by John Heminge and the rest of the King's Company, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1613.



PERSONS REPRESENTED *.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*

PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *the honest old Counsellor of Naples.*

ADRIAN, {
FRANCISCO, { *Lords.*

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship, Boatswain and Mariners.

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS, {
CERES, {
JUNO, { *Spirits.*
Nymphs, {
Reapers, {

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, *the Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

* From the Folio Edition of 1623.

TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *On a Ship at Sea.*

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.

Master.

BOATSWAIN,—

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely¹, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; tend to the master's whistle. — Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men².

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

¹ That is, readily, nimbly.

² That is, act with spirit, behave like men. Thus Baret in his *Alvearie*: "To play the man, or to show himself a valiant man in any matter. *Se virum præbere.*" P. 399.

"Viceroys and peers of Turkey play the men."

Tamberlaine, 1590.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour! keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present³, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. — Cheerly, good hearts. — Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main course⁴. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office. —

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

³ The present instant.

⁴ In Smith's Sea Grammar, 1627, 4to. under the article How to handle a Ship in a Storme:—"Let us lie as *Trie with our main course*; that is, to hale the tacke aboard, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helm tied close aboard."

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd⁵ wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses⁶; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely⁷ cheated of our lives by drunkards. —

This wide-chapped rascal; — 'Would, thou mightst lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut⁸ him.

[*A confused Noise within.*] Mercy on us! We split, we split! — Farewell, my wife and children! — Farewell, brother! — We split, we split, we split! —

⁵ Mr. Steevens says *incontinent*, but the meaning is evident. In H. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*, Chilas says to the frightened priestess:

————— Down, you dog, then;

Be quiet and be *staunch* too, no *inundations*.

⁶ The *courses* are the main sail and fore sail. To lay a ship *a-hold*, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land and get her out to sea.

⁷ *Merely*, absolutely, entirely; *Merè*, Lat.

⁸ To englut, to swallow him.

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [Exit.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long⁹ heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Island: before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er¹
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The freighting² souls within her.

Pro. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better³

⁹ Instead of—*long* heath, *brown* furze, &c. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*ling*, heath, *broom*, furze, &c. and I have no doubt rightly.

¹ i. e. or ever, ere ever; signifying, in modern English, *sooner than at any time*.

² Instead of *freighting* the first folio reads *fraughting*.

³ The double comparative is in frequent use among our elder writers.

Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle⁴ with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. — So:

[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art⁵. — Wipe thou thine eyes; have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul —
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.* —

Pro. 'The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out⁶ three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance

⁴ To meddle, is to mix, or interfere with.

⁵ Lord Burleigh, when he put off his gown at night, used to say "Lie there, Lord Treasurer."—*Fuller's Holy State*, p. 257.

⁶ Out is used for entirely, quite. Thus in Act iv: "And be a boy right out."

That my remembrance warrents : Had I not
Four or five women once , that tended me ?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda : But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind ? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm⁷ of time ?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father ?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
Was duke of Milan ; and his only heir
A princess ;—no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens !
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?
Or blessed was't we did ?

Pro. Both, both, my girl :
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence ;
But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen⁸ that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio —
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious !—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state ; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke ; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel ; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —

⁷ *Abysm* was the old mode of spelling *abyss* ; from its French original *abisme*.

⁸ *Teen* is grief, sorrow.

Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash⁹ for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent¹⁰, did beget of him

⁹ To trash means to check the pace or progress of any one. The term is said to be still in use among sportsmen in the North, and signifies to correct a dog for misbehaviour in pursuing the game; or *overtopping* or outrunning the rest of the pack. *Trashes* are clogs strapped round the neck of a dog to prevent his over-speed.

Todd has given four instances from Hammond's works of the word in this sense. "Clog and trash"—"encumber and trash",—"to trash or overslow"—and "foreslowed and trashed."

There was another word of the same kind used in Falconry (from whence Shakspeare very frequently draws his similes); "*Trassing* is when a hawk raises aloft any fowl, and soaring with it, at length descends therewith to the ground."—*Dictionary Rusticum*, 1704. Probably this term is used by Chapman in his address to the reader prefixed to his translation of Homer.

"That whosoever muse dares use her wing
When his muse flies she will be *trass't* by his,
And show as if a Bernacle should spring
Beneath an Eagle."

There is also a passage in the *Bonduca* of Beaumont and Fletcher, wherein Caratach says:

"I fled too,
But not so fast; your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there, he *trasht* me, Nennius."

i. e. checked or stopped my flight.

I rather think it will be found that the Editors have been very precipitate in changing *trace* to *trash* in *Othello*, Act ii. Scene i. See note on that passage.

¹⁰ Alluding to the observation that a father above the common rate of men has generally a son below it. *Heroum filii noxæ.*

A falsehood, in its contrary as great
 As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact,—like one,
 Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie¹¹,—he did believe
 He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,
 And executing the outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
 Growing,—Dost hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
 And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
 Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
 Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable: confederates
 (So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
 If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
 To think but¹² nobly of my grandmother:
 Good wombs have borne bad sons.

¹¹ "Who having made his memory such a sinner to truth as to credit his own lie by telling of it."

¹² Tooke, in his *Diversions of Purley*, has clearly shown that we use one word, *But*, in modern English, for two words *Bōt* and *Būt*, originally (in the Anglo-Saxon) very different in signification, though (by repeated abbreviation and corruption) approaching in sound. *Bot* is the imperative of the A. S. *Botan*, to *boot*. *But* is the imperative of the A. S. *Be-utan*, to *be out*. By this means all the seemingly anomalous uses of *But* may be explained; I must however content myself with referring the reader to the *Diversions of Purley*, vol. i. p. 190. Merely remarking that *BUT* (as distinguished from *Bot*) and *BE-OUT* have exactly the same meaning, viz. in modern English, *WITHOUT*.

Pro. Now the condition.
 This king of Naples, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
 Which was, that he in lieu¹³ o' the premises, —
 Of homage, and I know not how much tribute, —
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
 With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight
 Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
 The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
 The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
 Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
 I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
 Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint¹⁴,
 That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
 And then I'll bring thee to the present business
 Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
 Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
 That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
 (So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
 A mark so bloody on the business; but
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
 Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
 A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
 Instinctively had quit¹⁵ it; there they hoist us,

¹³ In lieu of the promises; that is, "in consideration of the premises,—&c." This seems to us a strange use of this French word, yet it was not then unusual.

"But takes their oaths in lieu of her assistance."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Prophetess*.

¹⁴ Hint is here for cause or subject. Thus in a future passage we have:—"Our hint of woe."

¹⁵ Quit was commonly used for quitted.

To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd¹⁶ the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach¹⁷, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise: —
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I
pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

¹⁶ To deck, or deg, is still used in the northern counties for to sprinkle.

¹⁷ An undergoing stomach is a stubborn resolution, a temper or frame of mind to bear.

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
 By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
 Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
 Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
 I find my zenith doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star; whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
 And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.—
 [MIRANDA sleeps.
 Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
 Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
 To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
 On the curl'd clouds¹⁸: to thy strong bidding, task
 Ariel, and all his quality¹⁹.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
 Perform'd to point²⁰ the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
 I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak²¹,

¹⁸ This is imitated in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*:

“—— tell me, sweetest,
 What new service now is meetest
 For the satyre; shall I stray
 In the middle air, and stay
 The sailing racke, or nimbly take
 Hold by the moon, and gently make
 Suit to the pale queen of night,
 For a beame to give thee light?
 Shall I dive into the sea,
 And bring thee coral, making way
 Through the rising waves, &c.”

¹⁹ Ariel's *quality* is not his confederates, but the powers of his nature as a spirit, his *qualification* in sprighting.

²⁰ i. e. to the minutest article, literally from the French *à point*, so in the Chances,

“—— are you all fit?
 To point, Sir.”

²¹ The *beak* was a strong pointed body at the head of ancient galleys; it is used here for the forecastle or boltsprit. The *waist* is the part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle.

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
 I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
 And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
 The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meet and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
 O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
 And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
 Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
 Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil ²²
 Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
 But felt a fever of the mad ²³, and play'd
 Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
 Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
 Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
 With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair,)
 Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
 But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
 In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
 The king's son have I landed by himself;
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
 His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
 The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
 And all the rest o' the fleet?

²² Coil is bustle, tumult.

²³ That is, such a fever as madmen feel when the frantic fit is on them.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes²⁴, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote²⁵,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? since thou must give
me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

²⁴ The epithet here applied to the Bermudas will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which renders access to them so difficult. It was then the current opinion that Bermudas was inhabited by *monsters* and *devils*. Setebos, the God of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worshipped by the giants of Patagonia.

²⁵ i. e. waves, or the sea. *Flot*, FR.

Ari.

No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread
the ooze

Of the salt deep;—

To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.*Ari.*

I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?*Ari.* No, sir.*Pro.* Thou hast: where was she born?
speak; tell me.*Air.* Sir, in Argier²⁶.*Pro.*

O, was she so? I must,

Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?*Ari.* Ay, sir.*Pro.* This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands.
Refusing her grand hests²⁷, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island,²⁶ The old English name of *Algiers*.²⁷ *Behests*, commands.

(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sprighting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;
be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: go hence, with diligence.
[Exit ARIEL.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,

We cannot miss²⁸ him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business
for thee:

Come forth, thou tortoise! when²⁹ ?

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a Water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint³⁰ Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins³¹
Shall, for that vast³² of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd

²⁸ i. e. we cannot *do without* him. The phrase is still common in the midland counties.

²⁹ This is a common expression of impatience. Vide note on King Richard II. Act I. Scene 1.

³⁰ *Quaint* here means brisk, spruce, dexterous, from the French *cointe*.

³¹ *Urchins* were fairies of a particular class. Hedgehogs were also called *urchins*; and it is probable that the sprites were so named, because they were of a mischievous kind, the *urchin* being anciently deemed a very noxious animal. Shakspeare again mentions these fairy beings in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

"Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies green and white."
In the phrase still current, "a little urchin," the idea of the fairy still remains.

³² That *vast* of night is that *space* of night. So, in *Hamlet*:
"In the dead *waist* and middle of the night," *nox vasta*, midnight, when all things are quiet and still, making the world appear one great uninhabited *waste*. In the pneumatology of ancient times visionary beings had different allotments of time suitable to the variety and nature of their agency.

As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd
thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care: and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—'would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other; when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid ³³ you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches ³⁴; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din!

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos ³⁵,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!
[*Exit* CALIBAN.]

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing;*
FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist ³⁶)
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear,*

³³ Destroy.

³⁴ The word *aches* is evidently a dissyllable here and in two passages of *Timon of Athens*. The reader will remember the senseless clamour that was raised against Kemble for his adherence to the text of Shakspeare in thus pronouncing it as the measure requires. "*Ake*," says Baret in his *Alvearie*, "is the verb of this substantive *Ache*, ch being turned into k." And that *ache* was pronounced in the same way as the letter *h* is placed beyond doubt by the passage in *Much Ado about Nothing*, in which Margaret asks Beatrice for what she cries *Heigh ho*, and she answers for an *h. i. e. ache*. See the Epigram of Heywood adduced in illustration of that passage. This orthography and pronunciation continued even to the times of Butler and Swift. It would be easy to produce numerous instances.

³⁵ "The giants when they found themselves fettered roared like bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them."—*Eden's Hist. of Travayle*, 1577. p. 434.

³⁶ Still, silent.

Hark, hark!

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [dispersedly.

The watch-dogs bark:

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [dispersedly.

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticlere

Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air,
or the earth?

It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;

Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes:

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

[Burden, ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes³⁷:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira.

What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath
such senses

³⁷ i. e. owns. To owe was to possess or appertain to, in ancient language.

As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call
him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine Spirit! I'll free
thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here; My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid³⁸, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as 'I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: he does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.

³⁸ The folio of 1685 reads *made*, and many of the modern editors have laboured to persuade themselves that it was the true reading. It has been justly observed by Mr. Mason that the question is "whether our readers will adopt a natural and simple expression, which requires no comment, or one which the ingenuity of many commentators has but imperfectly supported."

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control³⁹ thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*
They have chang'd eyes;—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong⁴⁰: a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for: pity move my father.
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift busi-
ness

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.—[*To FERD.*
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks,
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*

³⁹ To control here signifies to confute, to contradict unanswerably. The ancient meaning of control was to check or exhibit a contrary account, from the old French contre-roller.

⁴⁰ “—you have done yourself some wrong:” that is spoken a falsehood. Thus in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“This is not well, master Ford, this wrongs you.”

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful⁴¹.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence; one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*To FERD.*]
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,

⁴¹ *Fearful* was sometimes used in the sense of *formidable*, *terrible*, *dreadful*, like the French *épouvantable*; as may be seen by consulting Cotgrave or any of our old Dictionaries. Shakspeare almost always uses it in this sense. In *K. Henry VI.* Act III. Sc. 2, "A mighty and a *fearful* head they are." He has also *fearful* wars; *fearful* bravery; &c. &c. The verb to *fear* is most commonly used for to *fright*, to *terrify*, to *make afraid*. Mr. Gifford remarks, "as a proof how little our old dramatists were understood at the Restoration, that Dryden censures Jonson for an improper use of this word, the sense of which he altogether mistakes."

Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works: — Come on. —
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! — Follow me. —

[*To FERD. and MIRA.*
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To ARIEL.*

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the Island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint¹ of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant², and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor³ will not give him o'er so.

¹ See note 14, p. 19.

² It was usual to call a *merchant-vessel* a *merchant*, as we now say a *merchant-man*.

³ He calls Gonzalo the *visitor*, in allusion to the office of one who visits the sick to give advice and consolation.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One:——Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have
spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good
wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So you've pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet.

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
temperance⁴.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly de-
livered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

⁴ Temperance is here used for *temperature*, or *temperateness*.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush⁵ and lusty the grass looks? how green?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye⁶ of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

⁵ *Lush* is *luxuriant*, in like manner *luscious* is used in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“Quite over-canopied with *luscious* woodbine.”

⁶ That is, with a *shade* or *small portion* of green.

“Red with an eye of blue makes a purple.”—*Boyle*.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp⁷.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort⁸.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

⁷ Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's music.

⁸ That is, in a manner or degree.

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who has cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd⁹, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost
your son,

I fear, for ever; Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest¹⁰ of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgically.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I a plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?

Seb. 'Scape getting drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

⁹ i. e. Deliberated, was in suspense.

¹⁰ See note on 'Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

Execute all things: for no kind of traffic¹¹
 Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
 Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
 And use of service, none; contract, succession,
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
 No occupation; all men idle, all;
 And women too; but innocent and pure:
 No sovereignty:—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
 Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine¹²,
 Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
 Of its own kind, all foison¹³, all abundance,
 To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
 To excel the golden age¹⁴.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

¹¹ See Montaigne's *Essays* translated by John Florio, fol. 1603, Chap. "Of the Caniballes."

¹² An *engine* was a term applied to any kind of *machine* in Shakspeare's age.

¹³ *Foison* is only another word for *plenty* or *abundance* of provision, but chiefly of the fruits of the earth. In a subsequent scene we have—

"Earth's increase, and foison plenty."

¹⁴ See Montaigne as cited before.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing¹⁵.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but ALON. SEB. and ANT.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find, They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.
[*ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;

¹⁵ Warburton remarks that "all this dialogue is a fine satire on the Utopian Treatises of Government, and the impracticable inconsistent schemes therein recommended."

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
 Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more;—
 And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
 What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
 My strong imagination sees a crown
 Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
 It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
 Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
 This is a strange repose, to be asleep
 With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
 And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
 Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
 Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
 There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
 Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
 Trebles thee o'er¹⁶.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,
 Hereditary sloth instructs thee.

Ant. O,
 If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
 Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
 You more invest it¹⁷! Ebbing men, indeed,
 Most often do so near the bottom run,

¹⁶ Antonio apparently means to say, "You must be more serious than you usually are, if you would pay attention to my proposals; which attention, if you bestow it, will in the end make you *thrice what you are*."

¹⁷ Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant water to flow. "It has already learned to ebb," says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies—"O, if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at; how, in stripping it of words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation."—*Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786.

By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond¹⁸,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note¹⁹, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;

¹⁸ i. e. The utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no farther.

¹⁹ The commentators have treated this as a remarkable instance of Shakspeare's ignorance of Geography, but though the real distance between Naples and Tunis is not so immeasurable; the intercourse in early times between the Neapolitans and the Tunisians was not so frequent as to make it popularly considered less than a formidable voyage; Shakspeare may however be countenanced in his poetical exaggeration, when we remember that Æschylus has placed the river Eridanus in Spain; and that Appolonius Rhodius describes the Rhone and the Po as meeting in one and discharging themselves into the Gulf of Venice.

And, by that destiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In your's and my discharge²⁰.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in 'Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why they were no worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough²¹ of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;

²⁰ What is past is the prologue to events which are to come; that depends on what you and I are to perform.

²¹ A chough is a bird of the jackdaw kind.

Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion²², as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gotst Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They converse apart.*]

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,
For else his projects die²², to keep them living.
[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

*While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[*They wake.*]

²² *Suggestion* is frequently used in the sense of *temptation*, or *seduction*, by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. The sense here is that they will adopt and bear witness to any tale that may be dictated to them.

²³ The old copies read "For else his project dies." By the transposition of a letter this passage, which has much puzzled the editors, is rendered more intelligible.—"—to keep them living," relates to *projects*, and not to *Alonzo and Gonzalo*, as Steevens and Johnson erroneously supposed.

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake; sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done: [Aside.

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Another part of the Island.*

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of Wood.

A noise of Thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:

Sometime like apes, that moe¹ and chatter at me,
 And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
 Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way and mount
 Their pricks² at my foot-fall; sometime am I
 All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
 Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
 For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
 Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
 any weather at all, and another storm brewing: I
 hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud,
 yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard³ that
 would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it
 did before, I know not where to hide my head:
 yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-
 fuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead
 or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very
 ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the
 newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in
 England now (as once I was), and had but this
 fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would
 give a piece of silver; there would this monster
 make a man⁴; any strange beast there makes a
 man: when they will not give a doit to relieve
 a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a
 dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins
 like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose
 my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish but
 an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thun-

¹ To *moe* is to *make mouths*. "To make a *moe* like an ape. *Distorquere os. Rictum deducere.*"—*Baret*.

² *Pricks* is the ancient word for *prickles*.

³ A *bumbard* is a black jack of leather, to hold beer, &c.

⁴ i. e. *make a man's fortune*. Thus in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—

"We are all *made men*."

And in the old comedy of *Ram Alley*—

"She's a wench
 Was born to *make us all*."

derbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine⁵; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a Bottle in his hand.

*Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore;—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,*

*Lov'd Mall, Megg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:*

*For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:*

*She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch:*

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*]

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

*Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here?
Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men
of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be
afear'd now of your four legs; for it hath been
said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs,
cannot make him give ground: and it shall be
said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.*

⁵ A *gaberdine* was a coarse outer garment. "A shepherd's pelt, frock, or *gaberdine*, such a coarse long jacket as our porters wear over the rest of their garments," says Cotgrave. "A kind of rough cassock or frock like an Irish mantle," says Philips. It is from the low Latin *Galvardina*, whence the French *Galvardin* and *Gaban*. One would almost think Shakspeare had been acquainted with the following passage in Chapman's version of the fourth Book of the *Odyssey*:

"——— The sea calves savour was
So passing sowre (they still being bred at seas)
It much afflicted us, for who can please
To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales."

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore⁶, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much⁷ for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt: thou wilt Anon, I know it by thy trembling:
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be—
But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come, —Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy!

⁶ No impertinent hint to those who indulge in the constant use of wine. When it is necessary for them as a medicine, it produces no effect.

⁷ Any sum, ever so much, an ironical expression implying that he would get as much as he could for him.

mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon⁸.

Trin. Stephano!—If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs; If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st thou to be the siege⁹ of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's¹⁰ gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn,

⁸ Shakspeare gives his characters appropriate language, "They belch forth proverbs in their drink," "Good liquor will *make a cat speak*," and "he who eats with the devil had need of a *long spoon*." The last is again used in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

⁹ *Siege* for *stool*, and in the dirtiest sense of the word.

¹⁰ The best account of the *moon-calf* may be found in Drayton's poem with that title.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven¹¹?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon¹², when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee; my mistress shewed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that: kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the island; And I will kiss thy foot: I prythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. — but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee berries:
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

¹¹ The Indians of the Island of S. Salvador asked by signs whether Columbus and his companions were *not* come down from heaven.

¹² The reader may consult a curious note on this passage in Mr. Dauce's very interesting Illustrations of Shakspeare; where it is observed that Dante makes *Cain* the *man in the moon* with his bundle of sticks; or in other words describes the moon by the periphrasis "*Caino e le spine*."

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells¹³ from the rock: Wilt thou go
with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

[Sings drunkenly.]

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;

'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,

Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a Log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and¹
their labour

¹³ A smaller species of seagulls.

¹ Pope changed *and* to *but* here, without authority; we must read *and* in the sense of *and yet*.

And your's it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night³. I do beseech you
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers),
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda: O my father,
I have broke your hest⁴ to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd⁵,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best⁶.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

³ "Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
Lumen"—

Tibull. lib. iv. el. 13.

⁴ See Note 27, p. 24.

⁵ See Note 37, p. 29.

⁶ In the first book of Sidney's *Arcadia*, a lover says of his mistress:
"She is herself of best things the collection."
In the third book there is a fable which may have been in Shak-
speare's mind,

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul
speak;—

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else⁷ i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of⁸.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer,
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow⁹

⁷ What else, for whatsoever else.

⁸ Steevens observes justly that this is one of those touches of nature which distinguish Shakspeare from all other writers. There is a kindred thought in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you mistaking offer up to joy.”

⁹ i. e. your companion. Malone has cited a very apposite passage from Catullus; but, as Mr. Douce remarks, Shakspeare had more probably the pathetic old poem of *The Nut Brown Maid* in his recollection.

You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: And now
farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousand!

[*Exeunt FER. and MIR.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the Island.*

*Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN following
with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will
drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear
up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island!
They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are
three of them; if the other two be brained like
us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee;
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in
sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I
swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty
leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be
my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou deboshed¹ fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! — that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree — The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou! I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

¹ *Deboshed*, this is the old orthography of *Debauched*; following the sound of the French original. In altering the spelling we have departed from the proper pronunciation of the word.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To CALIBAN.*] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st :
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed ? Canst
thou bring me to the party ?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord ; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied² ninny's this ? Thou scurvy
patch ! —

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him : when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine ; for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes³ are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger : inter-
rupt the monster one word further, and, by this
hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make
a stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I ? I did nothing ; I'll go
further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied ?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so ? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As
you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie :—Out o' your wits,
and hearing too ?—A pox o' your bottle ! this can
sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster,
and the devil take your fingers !

Cal. Ha, ha, ha !

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee
stand further off.

² He calls him a *pied ninny*, alluding to Trinculo's party-coloured dress, he was a licensed fool or jester.

³ *Quick freshes* are *living springs*.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand⁴ with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils (for so he calls them),
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a non-pareil; I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter
and I will be king and queen: (save our graces!)
and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost
thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee:
but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy
head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Tri. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

⁴ *Wezand*, i. e. throat or windpipe.

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and
flout 'em,
Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by
the picture of No-body⁵.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thyself in thy
likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard⁶?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the
story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it,
and after, do our work.

⁵ The picture of No-body was a common sign. There is also a wood-cut prefixed to an old play of No-body and Some-body which represents this notable person.

⁶ To *affear*, is an obsolete verb with the same meaning as to *affray*, or *make afraid*.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I could see this taborer⁷: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. By'r lakin¹, I can go no further, sir; My old bones ache; here's a maze trod, indeed, Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness, To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest. Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd, Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
[*Aside to* SEBASTIAN.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night: For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance, As when they are fresh.

Ste. I say, to-night: no more.

⁷ "You shall heare in the ayre the sound of tabers and other instruments, to put the trauellors in feare, &c. by euill spirites that make these soundes, and also do call diuerse of the trauellors by their names, &c."—*Trauels of Marcus Paulus*, by John Frampton, 4to. 1579. To some of these circumstances Milton also alludes:

"——calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire;

And aery tongues that syllable men's names

On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

¹ By'r LAKIN is a contraction of *By our* LADYKIN the diminutive of our lady.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and inviting the King, etc. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery²: Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne³; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders
(For, certes⁴, these are people of the island),
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*

Alon. I cannot too much muse⁵,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, ex-
pressing

² Shows, called *Drolleries*, were in Shakspeare's time performed by puppets only. From these our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. "A living drollery," is therefore a drollery not represented by wooden but by living personages.

³ "I myself have heard straunge things of this kind of tree; namely, in regard of the bird Phoenix, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date-tree (called in Greek φοινίξ); for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung againe."—*Holland's Translation of Pliny*, B. xiii. C. 4.

⁴ Certainly.

⁵ Wonder.

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing⁶.
[*Aside.*

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we
were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now
we find,

Each putter-out on five for one⁷, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter ARIEL like a Harpy;
claps his wings upon the table, and, by a quaint
device, the Banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't), the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

⁶ "*Praise in departing*," is a proverbial phrase signifying, Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation.

⁷ "Each putter-out on five for one," i. e. each traveller; it appears to have been the custom to place out a sum of money upon going abroad to be returned with enormous interest if the party returned safe; a kind of insurance of a gambling nature,

[*Seeing ALON. SEB. etc. draw their swords.*
 And even with such like valour, men hang and drown
 Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
 Are ministers of fate; the elements
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowle⁸ that's in my plume; my fellow ministers
 Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
 And will not be uplifted; But, remember
 (For that's my business to you), that you three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
 Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea all the creatures,
 Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
 Lingering perdition (worse than any death
 Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
 You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you
 from.

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
 Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
 And a clear⁹ life ensuing.

*He vanishes in Thunder: then, to soft music, enter
 the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes,
 and carry out the table.*

⁸ Bailey, in his Dictionary, says that *dowle* is a feather or rather the single particles of the down. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, interprets young *dowle* by *Lanugo*. And in a History of most Manual Arts, 1661, *wool* and *dowl* are treated as synonymous. Tooke contends that this word and others of the same form are nothing more than the past participle of *deal*; and Junius and Skinner both derive it from the same. I fully believe that Tooke is right; the provincial word *dool* is a portion of unploughed land left in a field; Coles, in his English Dictionary, 1701, has given *dowl* as a cant word, and interprets it *deal*. I must refer the reader to the Diversions of Purley for further proof.

⁹ A clear life, is a pure, blameless, life.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy
 hast thou
 Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
 In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life¹⁰,
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done: my high charms
 work,
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
 In their distractions: they now are in my power;
 And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
 Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd),
 And his and my loved darling.

[*Exit PROSPERO from above.*]

Gon. I the name of something holy, sir, why stand
 you
 In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
 Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of
 it;
 The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
 The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
 Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
 And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
 I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt SEB. and ANT.*]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great
 guilt,
 Like poison given to work a great time after¹¹,

¹⁰ With good *life*, i. e. with the full bent and energy of mind. Mr. Henley says that the expression is still in use in the west of England.

¹¹ The natives of Africa have been supposed to be possessed of the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered. Their drugs were then as certain in their effect as subtle in their preparation.

Now 'gins to bite the spirits: I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy¹²
May now provoke them to.

Adr.

Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Prospero's Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austere^{ly} punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand; all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer.

I do believe it,

Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot¹ before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion² shall the heavens let fall

¹² Shakspeare uses *ecstasy* for any temporary alienation of mind, a fit, or madness. Minsheu's definition of this word will serve to explain its meaning wherever it occurs throughout the following pages. "Extasie or trance; *G.* extase; *Lat.* extasis, abstractio mentis. Est proprie mentis emotio, et quasi ex statione sua deturbatio, seu furore, seu admiratione, seu timore, aliove casu decidat."—*Guide to the Tongues*, 1617.

¹ The same expression occurs in *Pericles*. Mr. Henley says that it is a manifest allusion to the zones of the ancients, which were worn as guardians of chastity before marriage.

² *Aspersion* is here used in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*, at present it is used in its figurative sense of throwing out hints of calumny and detraction.

To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion³
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke,
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own. —
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity⁴ of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no.

³ Suggestion here means *temptation* or wicked prompting.

⁴ "Some *vanity* of mine art" is some *illusion*. Thus in a passage, quoted by Warton, in his *Dissertation on the Gesta Romanorum*, from EMARE, a Metrical Romance:

"The Emperor said on hygh,
Sertes, thys is a fayry,
Or ellys a *vanite*."

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well. —
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary⁵,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly. —
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover⁶, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilled brims⁷,

⁵ That is, bring more than are sufficient. "Corollary the addition or vantage above measure, an overplus, or surplusage." — *Blount.*

⁶ *Stover* is fodder for cattle, as hay, straw, and the like: *estovers* is the old law term, it is from *estouvier*, old French.

⁷ The old editions read *PIONED* and *TWILLED* brims. In Ovid's *Banquet of Sense*, by Geo. Chapman, 1595, we meet with

"—Cuplike *twill-pants* strew'd in Bacchus bowers," if *twill* be the name of any flower, the old reading may stand. Mr. Henley strongly contends for the old reading, and explains *pioned* to mean faced up with mire in the manner that ditchers trim the banks of ditches: *twilled* he derives from the French verb *touiller*, which Cotgrave interprets filthily to mix, to mingle, confonnd, or shuffle together." He objects to *peonied* and *lilled* because these flowers never blow in April. But Mr. Boaden has pointed out a passage in Lord Bacon's *Essay on Gardens* which supports the reading in the text. "In April follow the double white violet, the wall-flower, the stock-gilly-flower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces, and lillies of all natures; rose-mary flowers, the tulippe, the double piony, &c." Lyte, in his *Herbal*, says one kind of *peonie* is called by some, *maiden* or *virgin peonie*. And Pliny mentions the water-lilly as a preserver of chastity, B. xxvi. C. 10. Edward Fenton, in his "Secret Wonders of Nature," 1569, 4to B. vi. asserts that "the water-lilly mortifieth altogether the appetite of sensuality and defends from unchaste thoughts and dreams of venery." The passage certainly gains by the reading of Mr. Steevens, which I have, for these reasons, retained.

Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
 broom groves,
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
 Being lass-lorn⁸; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
 And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky,
 Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
 Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
 To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers⁹:
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
 My bosky¹⁰ acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
 Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
 And some donation freely to estate
 On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
 If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
 Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
 The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
 I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
 Be not afraid: I met her deity
 Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son

⁸ That is, forsaken by his lass.

⁹ Mr. Douce remarks that this is an elegant expansion of the following lines in Phaer's Virgil Æneid, Lib. iv.

"Dame rainbow down therefore with saffron wings of dropping
 showres,

Whose face a thousand sundry hues against the sun devoures,
 From heaven descending came."

¹⁰ Bosky acres are woody acres, fields intersected by luxuriant
 hedge-rows and copses.

Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
 Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
 Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
 And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
 Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
 To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
 And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing,
 Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison¹¹ plenty;
 Barns and garners never empty;
 Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
 Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
 Spring come to you, at the farthest,
 In the very end of harvest!
 Scarcity and want shall shun you;
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
 Harmonious charmingly¹²: May I be bold
 To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
 So rare a wonder'd¹³ father, and a wife,
 Make this place Paradise.

¹¹ *Foison* is abundance, particularly of harvest corn.

¹² For charmingly harmonious.

¹³ "So rare a wonder'd father," is a father able to produce such wonders.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.]

Pro. Sweet now, silence :
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
There's something else to do : hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring
brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp¹⁴ channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons ; Juno does command :
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ;
Make holy-day : your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited : they join
with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards
the end of which PROSPERO starts suddenly, and
speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow, and
confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life ; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. — [*To the Spirits.*] Well done ; —
avoid ; — no more.

Fer. This is strange : your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir ;
Our revels now are ended ; these our actors,

¹⁴ *Crisp* channels ; i. e., curled, from the curl raised by a breeze
on the surface of the water. So in 1 K. Hen. IV. Act i. Sc. 3.

“—Hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank.”

As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air:
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision¹⁵,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded¹⁶,
 Leave not a rack¹⁷ behind: We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vex'd;
 Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
 And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira,

We wish your peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹⁵ In the tragedy of Darius, by Lord Sterline, printed in 1603, is the following passage:

"Let greatness of her glassy scepters vaunt
 Not scepters, no, but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken;
 And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
 All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
 Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
 With furniture superfluously fair,
 Those stately courts, those sky-encountering walls,
 Evanish all like vapours in the air."

The preceding stanza also contains evidence of the same train of thought with Shakspeare.

"And when the eclipse comes of our glory's light,
 Then what avails the adoring of a name?
 A meer *illusion made to mock the sight*,
 Whose best was but the shadow of a dream."

It is evident that one poet imitated the other, and it seems probable that Shakspeare was the imitator. The exact period at which the *Tempest* was produced is not known, but it is thought not earlier than 1611. It was first printed in the folio of 1623. Lord Sterline also wrote a tragedy entitled *Julius Cæsar*, in which there are parallel passages to some in Shakspeare's play on the same subject, and Malone thinks the coincidences more than accidental.

¹⁶ *Faded*, i. e. *vanished*, from the Latin *vado*. The ancient English *pageants* were shows, on the reception of princes or other festive occasions; they were exhibited on stages in the open air. On these allegorical spectacles very costly ornaments were bestowed. See Warton's *Hist. of Poetry*, ii. 199, 202. *Fabian*, ii. 382, and above all Mr. Gifford's *Ben Jonson passim*.

¹⁷ A *vapour*, an *exhalation*. See Mr. Horne Tooke's admirable observation on this passage in the *Diversions of Purley*, Vol. ii. p. 388, 4to ed.

Pro. Come with a thought: — I thank you: —
Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet ¹⁸ with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale ¹⁹ to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture ²⁰ can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;

¹⁸ To counteract, to play stratagem against stratagem.

"——You may meet

With her abusive malice, and exempt

Yourself from the suspicion of revenge."

Cynthia's Revenge, 1613.

¹⁹ Stale, in the art of fowling, signified a bait or lure to decoy birds.

²⁰ Nurture is Education, in our old language.

And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL loaden with glistering apparel, etc.
Even to roaring:— Come, hang them on this line.

*PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter
CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO; all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd
the Jack²¹ with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which
my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I
should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak
softly,

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet
this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here,
This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand; for I do begin to have
bloody thoughts.

²¹ To play the *Jack*, was to play the *Knave*.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer²²! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery²³:—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? Let it alone²⁴,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime²⁵ upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles²⁶, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

²² This is a humorous allusion to the old ballad "King Stephen was a worthy peer," of which Iago sings a verse in *Othello*.

²³ A shop for the sale of old clothes.—*Fripperie*, Fr.

²⁴ The old copy reads—"Let's alone."

²⁵ *Bird-lime*.

²⁶ The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish, *Iepas anatifera*, which ancient credulity believed to produce the barnacle-geese. Bishop Hall refers to it in the second Satire of his fourth Book—

"That Scottish *barnacle*, if I might choose,

That of a worm doth wax a winged goose."

Gerrard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 1391, gives a full description of it; and the worthy Dr. Bullein treats those as ignorant and incredulous who do not believe in the transformation.—*Bulwarke of Defence*, 1562. Caliban's Barnacle is the *clakis*, or tree-geese.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

*A noise of Hunters heard*²⁷. *Enter divers Spirits in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury! Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[*CAL. STE. and TRIN. are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
them,

Than pard²⁸, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

²⁷ See Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Note on v. 6441.

²⁸ Pard, i. e. Leopard.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners
In the lime-grove which weather-fends¹ your
cell:

They cannot budge, till your release². The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted:
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo*;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works
them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch³, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou
art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to
the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury,
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

¹ *Defends it from the weather.*

² *i. e. Until you release them.*

³ *A sensation.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
and groves⁴;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though you be⁵) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine, and cedar; graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd and let them forth,
By my so potent art: But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music (which even now I do),
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.]

Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: They all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,

⁴ This speech is in some measure borrowed from Medea's, in Ovid; the expressions are, many of them in the old translation by Golding. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakspeare's own.

⁵ That is, ye are powerful auxiliaries, but *weak* if left to yourselves. Your employments are of the trivial nature before mentioned.

Now useless, boil'd within thy skull⁶! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
blood,

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse⁷ and nature; who with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

[Exit ARIEL.]

I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing and helps to attire*
PROSPERO.

*Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.*

⁶ So in *Mids. Night's Dream*—

“Lovers’ and madmen have such seething brains.”

⁷ Remorse is pity, tenderness of heart; nature is natural affection.

*On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough*⁸.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat.

[*Exit* ARIEL.]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r⁹ thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should
Prospero
Be living, and be here?

⁸ This was the received opinion: so in Fairfax's Tasso, B. iv. St. 18.—

“The goblins, fairies, fiends, and furies mad,
Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountaines hore,
And under every trembling leaf they sit.”

⁹ Whether.

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties¹⁰ o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[*Aside to SEB. and ANT.*

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*

Pro. No:—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since¹¹
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe¹² for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

¹⁰ *Subtilties* are quaint deceptive inventions; the word is common to ancient cookery, in which a disguised or ornamented dish is so termed.

¹¹ The unity of time is most rigidly observed in this piece. The fable scarcely takes up a greater number of hours than are employed in the representation. Mr. Steevens thinks that Shakspeare purposely designed to show the cavillers of the time, that he too could write a play within all the strictest laws of regularity.

¹² I am sorry for it.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and portable¹³
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I
wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
landed,

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom, since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers
FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

¹³ Bearable.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
 wrangle¹⁴,
 And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
 A vision of the island, one dear son
 Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
 I have curs'd them without cause.

[*FER. kneels to ALON.*

Alon. Now all the blessings
 Of a glad father compass thee about!
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
 How many goodly creatures are there here!
 How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
 That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at
 play?
 Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
 Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
 And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal:
 But, by immortal Providence, she's mine;
 I chose her, when I could not ask my father
 For his advice; nor thought I had one; she
 Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
 Of whom so often I have heard renown,
 But never saw before; of whom I have

¹⁴ Mr. Pye says, I conceive Shakspeare, who was no nice
 weigher of words, meant wrangling to be equivalent with playing
 false, or with unfair advantage. So in Henry V. the king, in
 allusion to the tennis balls, directs the ambassadors to tell the
 dauphin—

“He hath made a match with such a *wrangler*,
 That all the courts of France shall be disturb'd
 With chases.”

Mr. Pye's explanation is correct: but his deduction that Shak-
 speare was “no nice weigher of words” is totally false. Shakspeare's
 words are always the most expressive and most appropriate. To
wrangle, in the language of his time, was to *haft* or *overthwart*;
 to run back and yet not cease to contend.

Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am her's:
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances
With heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy: and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own¹⁵.

Alon. Give me your hands:
[To FER. and MIRA.]
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next our ship,—

¹⁵ When no man was in his senses or had self-possession.

Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight and yare ¹⁶, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service }
Have I done since I went. } [*Aside.*

Pro. My tricky ¹⁷ spirit! }

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done? }

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt } [*Aside.*
be free. }

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct ¹⁸ of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on ¹⁹
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you

¹⁶ See Note 1. Sc. I.

¹⁷ *Neat, adroit.* Florio interprets "Pargoletta; quaint, pretty, nimble, trixie, tender, small." When we remember the tiny dimensions of Ariel, who could lie in the bell of a cowslip, the epithet, like all those of the great poet, will be found peculiarly appropriate.

¹⁸ *Conductor.*

¹⁹ There is a vulgar expression still in use, of similar import, "Still hammering at it."

(Which to you shall seem probable²⁰) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. - Come hither, spirit;
[*Aside.*

Set Caliban and his companions free:

Untie the spell. [*Exit ARIEL.*] How fares my
gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO and
TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
no man take care for himself; for all is but for-
tune:—Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in
my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb.

Ha, ha;

What things are these, my lord Antonio!
Will money buy them?

Ant.

Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true²¹:—This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power²²:
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

²⁰ This parenthetical passage seems to mean:—"When I have explained to you, then these strange events shall seem more probable than they do now."

²¹ *Honest.*

²² That is, work the same effects as the moon without her de-
legated authority.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them ²³?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to CALIBAN.*

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt CAL. STE. and TRIN.*

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,

²³ The allusion is to the *elixir* of the Alchemists. The phrase of being *gilded* was a trite one for being *drunk*. Fletcher uses it in the *Chances*:—

Duke. Is she not drunk too?

Wh. A little *gilded* o'er, sir; old sack, old boys.

And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solémnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*Aside.*] Please you,
draw near. [Exeunt.]



EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands¹,
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

¹ By your *applause*. Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell.
Thus before in this play:—

“—Hush! be mute;
Or else our *spell is marr'd*.”

It is observed of **THE TEMPEST**, that its plan is regular; this the author of **THE REVISAL** thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be Shakspeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.

JOHNSON.

Shakespeare, William,

William Shakspeare's Tempest drama in five acts

Halle a.S. [1842]

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